

Early Stores Around Wasatch County:

Name of Store: Ace Bethers Store & Service Station

Location: At head of Daniels' Canyon

Owners: Ace

Time in operation: _____

Merchandise: _____

Pictures of Owners:

Picture of Bldg:

Early Stores Around Wasatch County:

Name of Store: Lyman Bethers' Store and Service Station
Location: near Whiskey Springs
Owners: Lyman
Time in operation: _____
Merchandise: _____

Pictures of Owners:

Picture of Bldg:

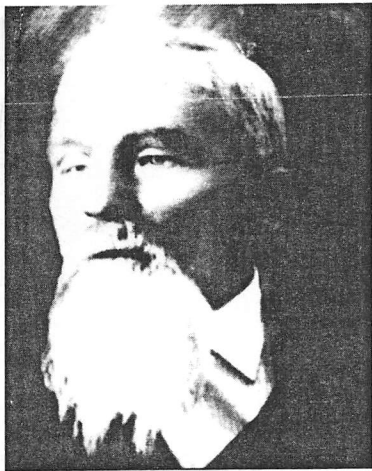
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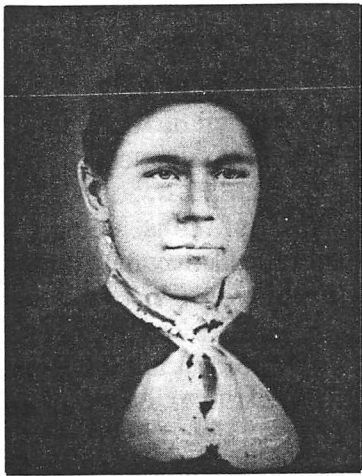
Name of Store: Daniels Summit Lodge
Location: on west side of Highway 40 @ Top of Daniels' Canyon
Owners: Brent Hill
Time in operation: _____
Merchandise: Lodging, gifts, snowmobiling

Pictures of Owners:

Picture of Bldg:



Aaron Daniels



Rose Daniels

not used to "women's work," and his muscles were quite flabby. As he took the flour, his knees began to buckle, and he fell with a sudden impact to the ground, breaking his leg. The only way George could atone for this unsuccessful crusade for chivalry was to be nursemaid to the victim for many weeks. There was no such thing as plumbing in Vernal in those days, and George would get a wry smile when he heard the old Indian call, "George, bring the big cup."²

AARON DANIELS

The autobiography of Aaron G. Daniels as dictated to his daughter:

I, Aaron G. Daniels, being now old in years and somewhat infirm, but of sound mind and good memory, do dictate my brief memoirs this 26th day of July 1895, so that some of my experiences and knowledge will be remembered after I am gone. I am doing this that my family [may] know more of my past, and that they might profit from my experiences.

I was born on the first day of August in the year of 1822 in Thompsons County, town of Dryden, state of New York. My parents were Sheffield Daniels and Abigail Warren, who were both early converts of the Mormon Church.

I was only eight years of age when I was baptized into the Mormon Church in the state of New York in the year 1830; my father having been one of the first converts to follow the teachings of Joseph Smith. We followed the migrations of the Saints to Kirtland, Ohio, and to Nauvoo, Hancock County, Illinois, where I married my first wife Caroline Rogers, the daughter of David W. Rodgers and Martha Collins, on the 14th of December in the year 1843. I had eleven children by this marriage and have nearly outlived them all, several of them having died in infancy. My first wife has now only recently died on March 6th of this year, having remarried 1886 after leaving me to [marry] Abraham O. Smoot.

I arrived in [the] Salt Lake Valley with the Saints in 1847 and answered the call to go settle Utah Valley in 1852. It was at this time that the Saints at Fort Utah, which is now Provo City, were having trouble with the Indians, especially the band led by the renegade named Big Elk. We fought a pitched battle at the fort and later chased the band up Spanish Fork Canyon where many of them were killed. The Mormon interpreter and Indian fighter, William W. Potter, eventually captured Big Elk and brought him back for trial, and I was present when he was executed before a firing squad.

In 1856, on February 20th, I married my second wife Harriet Nixon, the daughter of Stephen Nixon and Harriet Rushton of England, and by

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this marriage I had eight children, and by all my wives I had a total of twenty-three children.

Shortly after my second marriage, I was called to settle Fort Supply near Fort Bridger. I lived there several years during the troubles with Johnston's Army and did some scouting with Captain Lot Smith.

I was with John Bennion and others when the supply wagons were burned and also helped set the torch to Fort Bridger; in consequence of which I had great difficulty with old Jim Bridger who prior to that time had been a good friend. However, my loyalty lay unquestionably with the Church, and I weathered the difficulty by leaving and returning to Utah Valley.

I spent a good deal of time traveling between Fort Supply and Utah Valley. During this time [I was] concerned more with freighting and trapping, and in 1858 I went to Provo Valley (Heber Valley) with George Bean, William Meeks, William M. Wall, and some others with a herd of cattle. I started a ranch on the Provo River near where the town of Charleston is now located, about one mile north of that place where Daniels Creek enters the Provo River. Both Daniels Creek and Daniels Canyon are named after me.

I trapped and explored the valley in the winter, during which time it is recorded that I discovered a Spanish mine near the summit of the ridge of Daniels Canyon, but I actually found this shaft in the spring. In April of 1859, I returned to Fort Supply and shortly thereafter William M. Wall, Jasper Boren, Moses Mecham, Ed Stokes, Dixon Greer, and others came in and settled the town of Wallburg.

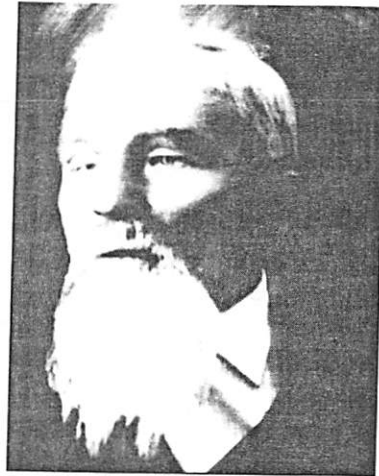
About this time (1860), I moved to Wanship in Summit County where I lived for nearly twenty years on and off, operating a stage station and spending considerable time and effort in the pursuit of prospecting, cattle raising, and trapping.

It was during this time that I first encountered the old prospector Thomas Rhoades and his son Cale [Caleb Baldwin] Rhoades in Kamas Valley who were even at that time bringing out gold from the now famous Brigham Young Mine just over the summit of the mountain from Kamas Valley on the Rock Creek drainage. I prospected this same region for many years and developed a long friendship with Cale Rhoades which I maintain to this day.

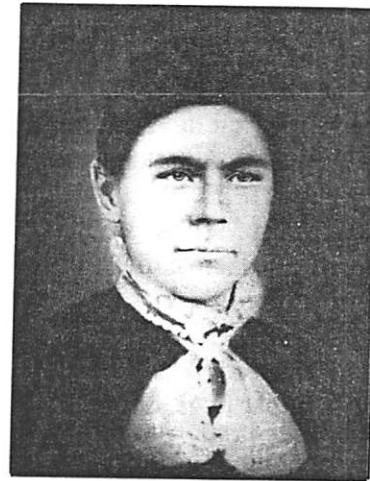
In 1879 a settlement was made at Ashley, which is now called Vernal, and I came there with the first settlers and spent much time there, both in the mountains prospecting with Pete Dillman, Robert Snyder, and others, and in the valley raising cattle. About this time Robert Snyder was killed by a bolt of lightning. I also spent considerable time back in Utah Valley developing my interests in that place.

In about 1885, shortly after my first wife left me to marry again, I took as my wife (my now present wife Rose Daniels) an Indian who had been both loyal and devoted to me, and by whom I have two daughters and two sons. She has raised and been mother to most of the children of my other wife.

Rose Daniels, being a woman of few words and not willing to talk about her past, I will say only that as a young girl she had been one of



Aaron Daniels



Rose Daniels

the unfortunate victims of the Bear River Massacre executed by General Connor (Patrick E. Connor), and during which her Indian parents had been killed. She was one of three Indian children brought back to be raised by Mormons, they having purchased her from the Shoshone Indians under old Chief Washakie who had carried her away following the massacre. One of these captives, a girl, was raised by Brigham Young in his home, another was raised by the Murdock family at Heber City (Pick Murdock), and the last was my now present wife Rose Daniels who was raised by the Daniels family in Utah Valley.

I have had many and varied experiences ranging from the early persecutions and riots in Missouri and Illinois, to guiding wagon companies across the plains to Utah, and have had equally exciting and interesting events in trapping, exploring, and prospecting throughout the West of the United States. I have seen the coming of the wagon trains to the coming of the railroads in these now modern times.

I have prospected many years with Cale Rhoades and have been privileged to learn the secret location of at least one of his fabulous tunnels [the Sacred Indian Mine], sacred to the Indians, and I have often been

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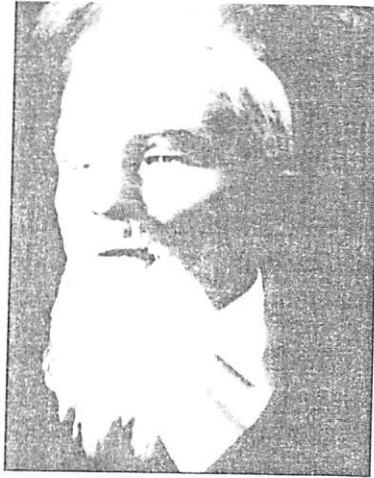
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asked to reveal this knowledge or asked why I don't profit by it. But having taken an oath both for the benefit of Cale Rhoades and my wife's people (the Indians), I am not at liberty to divulge the secret location or to profit by it. This I owe also in loyalty to the Mormon Church to whom, I have personally heard Chief Walker state, the gold in the vein actually belongs.

However, in recent years, due to my friendship with Cale Rhoades and the Utes, I have discovered several other old mines once worked by the Spaniards and the Indians, which will yet prove to be as valuable if not more so than the Sacred Mine to the economy of this state and to the nation.

Now that I am old and infirm due to several old bullet wounds inflicted during my service in the Indian Wars, it will be for the benefit of my family that I leave such information, knowing full well that I shall not live much longer to see them developed, but confident that my family will be left well off if they will uncover the lost mines by my direction, this being the primary reason for my leaving these memoirs.

I am therefore attaching to this brief biography and history my several maps and charts showing the locations of the mines and diggings and loose veins with the appropriate instructions for their recovery.

Finally, I give my good wife Rose Daniels, who shares in these secrets, my permission and instruction to develop and open up these mines and veins for the benefit of my family after my death.

Aaron G. Daniels
Uintah County, Utah

The following excerpt, taken from the last page of the Aaron Daniels diary, has been placed at this point in our narrative simply to provide for a more uniform flow of events. His story of the mines will follow immediately thereafter and in as much detail as we can reveal at this point in time.

When I first came to Utah in 1847, there was one Indian who was known above all the others and that was Chief Walker of the Utes. He was a friend of old Jim Bridger and the trappers and with them stole horses and drove them off to California to sell to the Spaniards. Then [they] would steal horses from the Spaniards and drive them back to sell to others.

When Brigham Young and the Saints came to Utah in 1847, Walker treated them kindly, and I myself have had numerous dealings in the past with the old renegade and in fact we became quite friendly.

Just before he died, Walker waged war with the Saints, but later

repented of it because he said he had a vision from the Lord telling him that the Mormons were his friends, and that he should not fight them.

It was Chief Walker who told Thomas and Cale Rhoades about the gold sources of the Uinta Mountains and allowed them to mine the ore for the use of Brigham Young and the Church.

Cale Rhoades has told me the story, and I have heard it from the lips of Chief Walker himself, and it went like this:

* * * * *

My name was not always Walker, but when I was young it was Ine-Carre-Winker. When I was in my youth I went into the land of the Uinta in the high mountains and fasted for a vision to learn my new name, and I fasted on the shore of the Spirit Lake where my visions came, and Towats spoke to me and told me that he would show me a yellow metal which I was to be guardian of until the big hats came, and then I was to give the yellow metal to the big hats. I was led over the mountains to a place where the yellow metal was very rich, and I saw it and covered it up and kept it in my (breath) until the big hats would come. When Bridger and Smith and their trappers came into the mountains, I thought it was they who were the big hats, but they were not interested in the yellow metal and would not listen to me and laughed at my vision.

But Mormonee and the great Mormonee Brigham Young did not laugh but told Walker that they knew of his vision, and so Walker told great Mormonee Brigham Young of the gold and let the Mormonee use it as Towats had told him.

My name, which the great Towats gave me at the Spirit Lake, was no longer Ine-Carre-Winker, but Yah-Keera, which means "Keeper of the Yellow Metal." The Mericans (Americans) called me Walker, for they could not say my name.

* * * * *

The above words are as close as I can remember as Walker told them to me and of Cale Rhoades who also told me this story of Chief Walker. I have no doubt that Chief Walker received a vision from the Lord to preserve the Sacred Gold for the use of the Saints in these last days.

The following refers to the Sacred Indian Mine:

I first saw the Sacred Mine in about the year 1889 when I was told by my wife's people that I might see it from up close but only if I didn't know where it was located. In the company of Happy Jack, Sagoosie Jack, Ungastonigets, David Copperfield, Cessapoonch, and some others, I was taken blindfolded to an old Indian trail.

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mountains, but at one point we left the trail and climbed the mountain at a place which was very steep, so much so that I had to cling to the horse's back to prevent falling off.

The Indians then took off my blindfold and showed me many old Spanish signs on the trees. Happy Jack tried to explain the history of the Spanish signs, saying that many years earlier, in his father's time, the Spanish had forced the Utes to work the mines for the gold ore. Happy Jack said that he himself had killed several Spaniards in his youth, and knowing him as I came to know him, I never doubted his statement.

Happy Jack pointed out to me an area to my right. There is seen thousands of small crumbled nuggets of gold like pieces of corn tossed to chickens on the top of the ground. I have never quite forgotten that sight, and I have never seen anything any other place to match the corn gold.

I jumped down from my horse and picked up several pieces of the metal, but Sagoosie Jack knocked them out of my hand and reprimanded me severely for doing it, saying: "You touch nothing - just look!"

We had to leave the horse on top of the hill and descend down the ridge on foot. My Indian friends became very nervous and, at one point, withdrew to themselves and talked in low whispers. They finally came to me, and Happy Jack told me that they couldn't take me any closer because Towats guarded the Sacred Mine and that he would kill us all if we went there.

I was disappointed and told them so, and finally Happy Jack re-ented and took me to a place and he pointed and said: "Tunnel is there." I couldn't see anything and asked him to take me closer, but he refused and said: "You go by self, you will see it."

I climbed back up the slope, and I could see a pile of rocks which did not look natural to the trained eye of a prospector. I knew this was a cleverly concealed tunnel entrance. I rolled a few rocks away and there was a tunnel entrance as I had predicted, easily large enough to stand in.

I continued to roll the rocks away carefully, occasionally glancing back to see my Indian friends nervously walking up and down, obviously anxious for me to come away.

I made the entrance large enough for me to crawl through and ended on my hands and knees. It was too dark to see much of the interior, but that it was larger than I had supposed and crouched back into the mine beyond. I could see a vein of pure yellow gold ore running up the shaft and out of sight in the ceiling of the shaft. I did detect another vein, perhaps even larger, but I had no light at all.

As I walked around examining the walls, my foot struck something which made a strange sound, and I stooped down and felt about it to discover that there was a pile of leather bags or sacks with straps secured to the tops, and they were apparently filled with heavy gold ore and some of which felt much like gold bars. I tried to open one but found that the top had been sewed shut with stiff rawhide. I didn't dare tear one open with my pocket knife for I had been warned about bothering anything, and I knew that they meant it.

Near the front of the tunnel, which might have been a natural cave at one time excavated by the Spaniards to expose the vein, I removed more rocks to make my crawling out easier and the light from the entrance fell upon the exposed bones and skull of at least one human skeleton and beneath these was armor, and I suspected that these were some of the Spaniards that Happy Jack told me about. Seeing these, I hastened to get out of there myself, wondering if I might not have gone so far as to provoke my Ute friends into leaving my carcass with the others.

I returned the rocks to the entrance of the tunnel as much as I found them and slid down the slope to discover that my Indian companions were nowhere to be seen. I suspected the very worst until I heard someone hoot and looked up to see them on top of the hill, mounted and ready to ride. They motioned for me to come up which I did, and I was again blindfolded and hastened away two times as fast as I had been taken there. Not one of the Indians said a word as we dropped down out of the mountains, and I had the impression that they were very scared, since Indians will tell you nothing of their feelings.

In conclusion, I might state that I returned to the Sacred Indian Mine only once some several years later to discover that I was being followed and watched and, therefore, abandoned any opportunity I might have had to ascertain if my directions were correct. I am bound by an oath not to reveal what I know of it, but my oath, like my flesh, ends with my death and it is my hope that someone of you in my family will someday profit from my knowledge.

The mine marked #2 - I found when Cale Rhoades told me about a grove of trees containing Spanish marks that were similar to those that I first saw near the Sacred Indian Mine. Cale never told me where the shaft was to this place, but I found it by exploration and knowledge of the lay of veins which I had learned in years of prospecting.

The mine lies in a hard place to find which could be walked over and not seen without careful observation.

I have seen the gold in this shaft and have taken samples from it, and it is very rich. At one time, Jim Reed, Pete Dillman, Cale Rhoades, and myself went partners to develop this vein, but it never got off the

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ground. I think, had I not got so old so soon, that I could have made this one of the biggest producers in the Western Region.

Senator Thomas Kearns and Richard Chambers both offered money to me once to show them this place, but Pick Murdock told me about how they cheated him out of the Silver King Mine, and I never followed the lead.

The mine marked #3 - Cale Rhoades showed me the old Spanish workings (smelter) and the hidden mine shaft on Pole Creek many years ago when I first moved to Ashley Valley. I had found three old iron leads on the lip of a hill, and Cale Rhoades happened by and took me over and showed me where the Spaniards had smeltered the ore further up the hill.

The mine marked #4 - When I first came to Ashley Valley, there was an old prospector who lived in the high country and spent winter and summer searching for gold veins. I recall that in about 1887, he came down to Ashley with sacks full of gold ore which was rich and cashed it in and telegraphed money to his daughter who lived in New York state. He did this for a lot of years.

Then one day Pete Dillman came over to me and said that some fellow had been lost in a blizzard up in the high country and wanted me to go with him, together with Pick Murdock, Bill Preece, and some others, to bring him out. We went up Whiterocks Creek for miles and it was the hardest trip I ever made in ten foot snows and blowing cold, and [we] couldn't see more than five feet ahead of us. We worried that we were going to perish in the weather as well as our victim.

After three days we came upon this old prospector, and he was dead in the timber. We carried him out to the agency, and in his pocket was a map to a mine of gold.

I went in the spring, together with Pick Murdock, Jim Reed, Henry Harris, and one to two others, to locate this claim, and we found it through the timber where we found the frozen body of the prospector. It was at this time that we learned of the death of another old prospector who had been bringing gold out of the mountains and sending it to his daughter.

This is marked mine #5 - Three or four outlaws had heard of this and had gone to where he [the old prospector] kept his cabin and forced him to show them the vein where he got his gold from. However, the old prospector was too wise for them and took them to a shaft where he had salted a vein for just such a purpose should it ever be necessary.

When the outlaws discovered that they had been duped, they tied the old prospector up in the shaft and tortured him in the hopes of learning his secret, but he died, and they fled the scene. I was one of the party who brought his body down out of the mountains, and we shipped him by train back East later when his daughter came out to exhumate the body.

His daughter had a map to the vein which her father had sent to her, and she showed it to me, and I have put it on my map as best as I can remember it after these years have passed.

There are workings all over these rocky points and slide rock areas in the high country, and some of them Cale Rhoades knew about. The old prospector probably discovered another of Cale Rhoades's sources without knowing it. But the sources in the high country are mostly veins and not mines or tunnels, for the real gold is down low, but the high gold is still very rich and worth investigation by those who know what they are looking for. Cale Rhoades once told me there is a vein of gold so rich it runs the full length of the Uintas cropping up at intervals. He knew most of the croppings; the Dead Man Mine was one of the places.

Many of the old things which Aaron Daniels left to Rose Daniels she burned or destroyed in later years before she died, but the foregoing diary and his loose notes which are now presented below survived.

1. I remember when Cale Rhoades told me about going up Whiterocks Creek and running into Happy Jack and some other Indians who were about to ambush him because they thought he was a stranger going to the mines. Cale said he was on his way to the Spanish Shaft but turned back because he thought he was being watched, and I guess he was.

2. Happy Jack was often drunk but a loyal friend. He and Cale Rhoades were good friends and I guess still are. Happy Jack was in the Indian delegation sent back to Washington to deal with the white problem on the reservation boundaries. This was a ploy to change the boundaries so that they could get to the lower mines on the reservation, but it didn't work.



Rose Daniels in her later years wearing Indian clothing. She did the hand beading on the gloves.

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His daughter had a map to the vein which her father had sent to her, and she showed it to me, and I have put it on my map as best as I can remember it after these years have passed.

There are workings all over these rocky points and slide rock areas in the high country, and some of them Cale Rhoades knew about. The old prospector probably discovered another of Cale Rhoades's sources without knowing it. But the sources in the high country are mostly veins and not mines or tunnels, for the real gold is down low, but the high gold is still very rich and worth investigation by those who know what they are looking for. Cale Rhoades once told me there is a vein of gold so rich it runs the full length of the Uintas cropping up at intervals. He knew most of the croppings; the Dead Man Mine was one of the places.

Many of the old things which Aaron Daniels left to Rose Daniels she burned or destroyed in later years before she died, but the foregoing diary and his loose notes which are now presented below survived.

1. I remember when Cale Rhoades told me about going up Whiterocks Creek and running into Happy Jack and some other Indians who were about to ambush him because they thought he was a stranger going to the mines. Cale said he was on his way to the Spanish Shaft but turned back because he thought he was being watched, and I guess he was.

2. Happy Jack was often drunk but a loyal friend. He and Cale Rhoades were good friends and I guess still are. Happy Jack was in the Indian delegation sent back to Washington to deal with the white problem on the reservation boundaries. This was a ploy to change the boundaries so that they could get to the lower mines on the reservation, but it didn't work.



Rose Daniels in her later years wearing Indian clothing. She did the hand beading on the gloves.

3. I remember when Jesse Knight started his tunnel, and Cale Rhoades came up the mountain to watch them dig and scrape. I asked Cale if he was worried about Knight finding anything, and he said, "Oh, not much. He might be the best mining engineer in the West as some say, but he will lose on this one. All he will strike where he is going is gray soil," and that is exactly what they struck. Cale really knew his geology and mining, but so did Jesse Knight.

4. [You should] try to remember how the cannon balls were laid out when you go back to that spot. It could have some meaning. The horse-shoe leads the proper way but peters out soon after, so the cannon balls could be a clue and also the armor. There must have been a big battle at that place one time to leave the armor buried in such amount that it sticks out of the ground like that. Remember, there are gold bars buried somewhere not far from there like Happy Jack told us.

5. Dry Fork Canyon branches up near the Indian writing and back to the North Branch where I found the tunnel which caved in just big enough for a man to crawl into, dropping straight down and on the floor was a lot of Indian pottery filled with ore and back farther was some old bones of dead men and two kids it looked like. There were strange marks all over the wall which I think were Spanish signs because they looked like the ones on the trees, but when I went back two years later, there was nothing to be found. You should some day search for it. I still have the name written down here that I found on the ledge of Dry Fork. It is Alvarez de Leon, and the date says Anno Domini 1669.³

JEREMIAH HATCH

Jeremiah Hatch was born in Lincoln, Addison County, Vermont, on July 7, 1823. He was the son of Hezekiah and Aldura Sumner Hatch. His early life was spent with his father and mother on a small farm in Lincoln. As a young man he took advantage of the public schools in Lincoln to further his education. He later worked in a foundry where he learned to make fire tools, etc., and became a blacksmith by trade. He proved his skill as a blacksmith and his associates later in his pioneer

He joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, organized by Elder Sisson Chase on December 17, 1840, and was a preacher on the principles of the gospel to proclaim it.

He was in the town of Northfield where Jeremiah and Louisa Pool Alexander were married, and she later became his wife.

